THE

Canonical Statesman's GRAND ARGUMENT DISCUSS'D.

In a Dialogue, &c.

LONDON,

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THE PREFACE.

AS Eaſe *and* Idleneſs *are the Fruitful Parents of more than Ordinary* Off-Springs, *'twas ſome ſuch generating Principles that gave Birth to a late* Pamphlet *of moſt Famous Renown. The Author, a Canonical* Boutefew, *who has long ſince ſhook Hands with his Original Vocation of* Preaching *and* Praying, *being indeed, though but a* Pulpit Drone, *yet an abſolute* Jehu *of a* State-Driver, *toucht belike with ſomething more than an* Altar-Coal; *Prerogative and Crown'd Heads the ſublimer Subject of his ſoaring* Dreames, *betwixt a* Zeal Biggotted, *and a* Craz'd Perecranium *has made hard Shift to ſteal ſome few Hours from his Daily and Nightly Darlings,* Whiff *and* Tipple, *to lend this Celebrated Product to the World, which has given it no little Titillation.*

I confeſs, 'tis not his Firſt Birth *of that Kind; many more* Minerva's *of much the ſame Stamp have formerly been hammer'd from his Fruitful Noddle, the good hard Head of our* Jovial Teemer; *and many a Black* Vulcan, *and Sooty* Cyclops, *call'd from their* Forge *and* Fire, *to lend their neceſſary aiding* Midwifery. *But this laſt, being the moſt hugg'd and dandled* Brat, *we think fit to make the Subject of our preſent* Remarques, *a Piece, let me tell you, undoubtedly deſign'd for the* Baſis *of no little* Monumental Glory; *the Author moſt certainly aſpiring to his Name-Sake's* Immortality, viz. *by Eternizing his Fame by an* [Oh Rare *Sam!*] *like the others,* [Oh Rare *Ben!*]

The ſeveral united Forces that club'd for this Conception, (for no Diſparagement to the reputed Canonical Dad, *an Offspring of this Strength requires more* Sinew *and* Nerve, *then one Man can ſupply, and therefore is generally* Filius Populi; *) have ſufficiently blazon'd themſelves in ſo audaciouſly impeaching one of the* Prime Miniſters of State *of no leſs then the Higheſt* Treaſon *and* Infidelity, *a Practiſe much uſed in the* Ad-Republican Days, *and therefore not unreaſonably revived by the ſame* Kidney *and* Spirit, *after the laudable Cuſtom of their* Fore-Fathers, *the tickling the* Prince *on one ſide, and wounding the* Miniſtry *on the other, being a known Experienced* Edge-Tool *of the moſt Ingenious* Anarchiſt's. *However this Elaborate* Pen-Work *from ſo doughty a* Crown Champion *as our* Levitical Loyaltiſt, *and ſo ſeemingly fair a Pillar of the ſupported* Monarchy, *ſet up like* Nebuchadnezzar's Image, *with* Pſaltries *and* Timbrels *playing, and the Popular Knees all bending before it; 'tis worth our while to enquire, both who are the* Songſters, *and what the* Chorus; *and therefore, I hope, my* Reader *will not diſaccept of this ſmall* Supplement, *by way of a neceſſary Illuſtration, to the profounder Depths of that prodigious* Maſter-Stroke.

Goſilian

GOOSILION.

OF old e'er half Time's Glaſs was run,
when *Jove* the Sire, and *Mars* the Son,
With all their jolly Kin above
The Heavenly *Family of Love*,
As Records tell in *Heathen* Letter
Were Gods of *Rome* for want of better;
'Twas then when *Vandal* and grim *Goth*,
With more than *Hannibal*'s dire Oath,
Rome's Foe, well nigh, by Thunder hurl'd
Had tam'd the Miſtreſs of the World,
Pent in her almoſt total Fall
Within her narrow Capitol-Wall;
Short Bounds for her no Bar late found,
But elbow'd juſtled Empires round.
'Twas here, when her laſt All at Stake,
Her Foes had but one puſh to make;
And that ſo near the laſt dire ſtroke,
As if by all her Gods forſook,

Her own great *Jove* had took a Nap
So ſound in ſome new *Danae*'s Lap,
That all his Mortal Charge neglected,
Left his own Capitol unprotected:
When, loe, kind Chance, more tender-hearted
Than all her Guardian Pow'rs, departed,
This Miracle of Safety ſtarted.
An humble Goſling's Neſt, in Story
More fam'd than all her Eagles Glory;
Thoſe Capitol Centinels ſhrill Cackle
Retriev'd loſt *Rome* from foreign Shackle.
Thus reſcu'd State from Chains got looſe;
The Fame of Nation-ſaving Gooſe
Sounded ſo high, and rung ſo ſhrill,
That wondring Ages talk on't ſtill.
But 'mongſt the ſtill freſh Trumps that ſound
Theſe long-neck'd Champions ſo renown'd,
A certain Bard of *Britiſh* Nation
Paid Gooſe profoundeſt Veneration:
The Foes of Nations down to trample,
Set vigilant Gooſe his great Example;
Gooſe, Guardian, Patriot and Defender,
Style none too great, nor name too tender;
And when in *England*'s equal danger,
To St. *Jago* plots no ſtranger,

He

He ſaw the Pilgrim-Troops advancing,
To *Babylonian* Tymbrels dancing;
Foreſaw the dark Cabals deſigning,
With Rights and Liberties undermining,
Aſſaulting Popery, Capitol ſhaking;
Then like a popular Goſling waking,
With more than Emulation fired,
By tranſmigrating Gooſe inſpired,
To break the Enemies toils and tackle,
Set up his *Julian*-Larum Cackle.
Renown'd by this prodigious Piece,
(Though, troth, it coſt his Back a Fleece)
Chuckled and tickled with Applauſe,
At every little ſtarting Cauſe,
He cackles o'er and o'er agen:
So nimble is a running Pen.

But this Canonical State-Faber,
His greateſt Work and nobleſt Labour,
Was a late Pamphlet of Renown
As has fill'd every Tongue in Town;
The Author ſo admir'd, ſo courted,
Till elevated and tranſported
With more than ſtrutting Peacock-pride,
With homely Houſhold-drudge by 's ſide,

A Thing call'd Spouſe, to join i'th' Quire,
One day by ſooty ſea-coal fire,
He thus began himſelf t' admire.

Goofilion.

Ah, Child, what ſecret Joys I find
To ſee th' applauding World ſo kind.
Kind and applauding! Yes, tis true;
But what's that more than my juſt due.
How can they pay me over-meaſure,
In the return for ſuch a Treaſure!

Goofiliana.

Nay, hold, my Dear, make no ſuch haſte
In praiſing the kind World too faſt.
Kind! 'Pray, what Recompenſe has't made you,
When aery Praiſe is all't has paid you?
Are empty ſounds of ſo much value,
As can with all your Sufferings tally!

Goofilion.

True, an ungrateful World we ſerve,
Where naked Vertue's doom'd to ſtarve.

I muſt

I muſt confeſs I once was proffer'd,
Forſooth, in part of Payment offer'd,
Only Four hundred pound a-year;
A paltry Sum.

Gooſiliana.

And cou'd my Dear
Refuſe Four hundred pound a Year?

Gooſilion.

Four hundred! Ay, at this good ſeaſon,
A triffling ſum quite out of reaſon.
Beſides, think how refus'd, and what?
A drudging Benefice, God wot,
Incumbred with the Toil of Teaching;
And, Child, thou know'ſt I ne'er lov'd preaching.
Beſides, my Sufferings, Dear Chick,
Thou know'ſt deſerve a Biſhoprick.
And think'ſt thou I have ſo poor a Spirit,
As to deſcend beneath my Merit?
What if th' ungrateful World forget
How much they're in my *Julian*'s Debt.
Nor is't my fault: How have I threſh'd
To keep their Memories refreſh'd:

Have writ, and writ, double and treble
Whole Volumes of Republick Scribble.
And if this laſt home-Stroke don't win 'em,
I muſt conclude the Devil's in 'em.
Had I writ half ſo much, and tried
My dint of Pen on th'other ſide;
My Labours and my Pains rewarded,
I had been reſpected and regarded:
The good old Gentleman, I wis,
Had ſent me a Cardinal's Cap e'er this.
But thus to ſerve Ungrates! Alas,
Fool that I was; -- but let that paſs.

Gooſiliana.

If thou haſt no Reward; for ſhame
Why wouldſt thou play a loſing Game?
Nay, Time was, when, to thy undoing,
Thou run'ſt even deſperate into Ruine:
Remember *Julian*, when no ſtranger
To all thy too apparent danger,
The certain Miſchiefs wou'd befall thee,
And *Molock* hands prepared to maul thee,
Inſpired with more than Courage doughty,
How durſt thou raiſe ſuch ſtorms about thee?

Expoſe

Expoſe thy ſelf to all the Rage
Of ſuch an Iron-Tory-Age!
The hardeſt heart of Stone muſt melt,
Even but to think what Pains thou'ſt felt.

Goofilion.

Fye, Chicken, how can'ſt talk ſo odly,
To put this Queſtion to the Godly!
Pains, did'ſt thou ſay! No, Lady mine,
Raptures and Extaſie divine.
What Tongue, what Eloquence can paint
The Pleaſures of a ſuffering Saint!
Through every Vein, ane every Arter'
The Titillations of a Martyr.
Think'ſt thou the Militants of old
At Fires, and Stakes, and VVracks ſo bold;
Cou'd the hard Gauntlet run ſo often,
VVere there not inward Sweets to ſoften?
VVhen pain buys pleaſure, who can traffick
Too high for Joys ſo much Seraphick,
To hazard Fortune, Life, and all,
Too poor the venture, price too ſmall.
I tell thee, cou'd this mortal Mould
Outlive the Patriarchs of old,

Out-number

Out-number Hundreds with the Crow,
And even *Methuſlem*'s Beard out-grow;
The dear remembrance, pleaſing thought
Of all my Sufferings cheaply bought,
VVith their great Cauſe together join'd;
Are Contemplations ſo refin'd,
As even my aged Snow ſhou'd warm;
Not *Mahomet*'s Heav'n my equal Charm:
His thouſand Years tumultuous Bliſs,
In the Embrace of large-eyed Miſs,
Nor half, not half my Paradice.
Thou can'ſt not think what heartning Cordial
Supports us Saints o'er fiery Ordeal;
Nor can'ſt thou gueſs what Charms invite us.
VVhat ſay'ſt t' our elder Brother *Titus*,
That *Proto*-Martyr, Heart of Oak,
The tougheſt Oracle e'er ſpoke,
That great Original of Glory,
The famouſeſt that e'er ſwell'd Story!
That bold, no flincher, conſtant ſtill
To *bloody Pilgrim* and *Black-bill*.
Think'ſt thou his Flogging, Gaol, or Pillory,
Or all the battering Artillery
From *Obſervator*'s backſide Favour
Cou'd damp that hardy Nation-ſaviour!

Fines,

Fines, Priſons, Dungeons, or Strapado
E're co w that valiant *Rhod'montado.*
Think'ſt thou ſore ſhoulders, or Eggs rotten
Anſwer the Sweets o'th'Fame h'has gotten.

Goofiliana.

No more, no more, I ſtand convinced :
No wonder now thou'ſt never winced.
Oh, Child, thou plead'ſt thy ſuffering Caſe
VVith ſo much Charm and ſuch a Grace;
With that bewitching Face and Air,
Haſt painted Martyrdom ſo fair;
Thy Fame ſo great, thy Glory ſuch,
My Dear, I envy thee ſo much,
Thy Nine-tail Cat and trolling Cart,
I vow I cou'd e'en act thy Part;
But that thou know'ſt I have one Leg ſhorter,
A little failing in low'r Quarter:
And t'hop and limp behind the Tumbler,
Wou'd but perform it like a Fumbler;
Elſe, were it not for that Miſchance,
I ſwear I cou'd e'en lead thy Dance.
But (hang't) let's leave theſe ſadder Stories,
Quit cloudy Scenes for ſmiling Glories:

Thanks Heav'n thoſe ſcorching Dog-days done,
Thou liveſt beneath a gentler Sun.
Come, man, bear up, Rewards will come
And pay thee in a lumping Sum.
The Royal Cauſe ſo great Supporter,
Ne'er fear thou'rt cut out for a Courtier.

Gooſillion.

The Royal Cauſe! Poor Innocence;
Think'ſt thou we write for Crown's Defence?
Dimocks and Champions for Kings?
No, Chicken, we know better things.
'Tis true, that Piece ſo gaudy dreſt
Looks high that way; but there's the Jeſt.
As fair a Glance does that way roll,
Look through't, thou'lt find a deeper ſoul.
Though Royal Title only ſtated,
For Cauſe Republick calculated;
For in the ſame defenſive ſtreſs
The ſtrength and hold of Crowns we preſs;
Don't we without diſtinction ſtrike
A full home blow, and plead alike
All Pow'r whate'er, o'th'up'moſt hand,
By *Right* and *Heav'n* ſupported ſtand.

And

And ſo poor honeſt *Maſſanello*
Was three days Sovereign Hail-fellow.
Wat Tyler and *Jack Straw*, poor Vermine,
Had Fate but dreſt in Royal Ermine,
Had born the Royal Stamp as fair
As dull Deſcent to th' hundredth Heir.
If ſuch poor Tools had nought to fear;
Oh, what a brave occaſion's here!
Oh, what dear Harbour! what ſafe ſleeping
For *Plato Redivive* to creep in?
For a new bold *Titanian* Race
To brave the tireſome *Jove* t'his Face;
His Throne to ſeize, and Thunder grapple,
And hold by Tenure ſtout and ſtaple;
Sceptre's to break, and Crowns to bow,
To ſet th' old dear State-hands to plough.
The very Thought a Charm ſo ſoft,
As bears my raviſh'd Soul aloft,
Till it throws off the ſullen Cloud
Of forty years Monarchick Load,
And in our once, all bright diſplay,
Looks back to *England*'s Glorious Day.

Gooſiliana.

Goosiliana.

Nay, then it has a Soul indeed,
If for that mighty Work decreed.

Goosilion.

Yes, Child, this Birth for vast Design
Was help'd by greater Heads than mine,
State-mongers, Whisperers, Writers, Talkers,
From Coffe-*Dicks* to Lobby-walkers.
All Politicks and Cabals resulted,
And every Oracle consulted.
All Hands to spur the work a-gallop
From poor *T. D.* to Counsellor ——
And if it fail the work Divine,
Heav'n knows it is no Fault of mine.

Goosiliana.

Oh, Child, I can't but wondring sit
To think o' th'reach of Humane Wit,
How high thy soaring Soul can climb,
A Grasp and Fathom so sublime !

Goosilion.

Goosilion.

Ay, my ſweet Spouſe, this Maxim learn,
Great Machines ſtill great Weights muſt turn.
This ſtudied Piece has yet more in it;
Conſider, Child, the critick minute,
The hour when hatcht, the day when printed,
Then gueſs for what high Service minted;
A politick State Shooing-horn
To gain a Point and ſerve a Turn:
Juſt in the nick, by manage nice,
Preſented round no leſs than twice,
About to Senate-Members handed,
When *Abjuration-Oath* was bandied.
Dear Abjuration, if turn'd Trump,
The beſt Republick-Card, ſince Rump;
A cutting Tool of edge more keen
Than ev'n by's Founders e'er foreſeen.
An Embrio, which to Life but hatcht,
Had all our glorious Work diſpatcht:
For when one kind incloſing Fold
Cou'd Sheep and Goat united hold;
Both lull'd and huſht together kept,
And under Royal Cedar ſlept;

This Scourge for *Jacobite*-ſhoulders plotted
With all its Thongs of Steel, ſo knotted,
The cover'd Embers had unraked,
And all the ſleeping Dudgeon waked;
Fated for troubled State turmoiling,
And ſetting hot mad Blood a boiling;
In ſhort, a Maſter-piece of Art
To *Job*'s old *Tempter* Second Part.
Touch 'em to th'quick in that ſoft place,
Thou'lt find they'll curſe thee to thy face.
Had that great Birth but got the day,
Then, then was our great Game to play.

Gooſiliana.

T'enlighten my poor Intellectual
Thou'ſt read a Lecture ſo effectual,
That give me leave to own my Pride
To ſit by my *Gamaliel*'s ſide.
And to reward thy burning Zeal,
And puſhing hand, for Common-weal:
What though no fair Prelatick Dawn
From Mitre, and a ſleeve of Lawn,
Thy radiant Lorded Brow entwine;
Yet ſtill ſome Beams of Comfort ſhine.

The Brethren, Child, I underſtand
Are lending thee their helping Hand:
A Purſe, my Deareſt, a kind Lift,
Like truſty *Roger's* New-years Gift.

Goofilion.

Yes, my dear Child, I hear a humming
Of Comfortable *Guineas* coming:
A kind Collection, Girl---but mum!
In better Time it ne'er cou'd come:
For let me whiſper in thy Ear,
Claret, divine, bleſt Claret's dear;
Claret, that I may juſtly call
My Saint, my Miſtreſs, Idol, All,
My Study, Learning, *Ariſtotle*;
And more than Bible, Pipe and Bottle.

FINIS.